Enter Pistoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turki-cockes.
God pleſſe you Ancient Piſtoll, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſy knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flew. Ancient Piſtoll.
I would deſire you becauſe it doth not agree
With your ſtomackes, and your appetites,
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you ancient Piſtol.
He ſtrikes him.

Piſt. Baſe Troyan, thou ſhalt dye.
Flewellen. I, I know I ſhall dye:
But in the meane time, I would deſire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue aſtoniſht him, it is enough.
Flewel. Aſtoniſht him,
By Ieſu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate ſome part of my Leeke.
Piſt. Well muſt I bite?
Flew. I out of queſtion, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You muſt bite.

He makes Ancient Piſtoll bite of the Leeke.
Piſtol. Good, good.

Flewel.

Flewellen. I Leekes
Looke you now, there
To heale your bloody
Piſt. Me a ſhilling.
Flew. If you will not
I haue another Leeke
Piſt. I take thy ſhilli
Flew. If I owe you a
I will pay you in Cudg
You ſhall be a Wood-
And buy Cudgels. An
Ancient Piſtoll, God p
And heale your broken
Ancient *Piſtoll*, if you
Mocke at them, that is

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſti
Doth Fortune play the
Is honour cudgeld from
Well France farewell, n
That Doll is ſicke. One
The warres affoordeth
Baud will I turne, and v
To England will I ſteal
And there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get
And ſweare I gat them

Enter at one doore,

And at the other door
Katherine,